

In Blackest Night by DoctorpooandtheTURDIS

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Genre: A bit of a crackfic, Multi, Teenagers with Superpowers, The Party gets Power Rings, but serious

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Characters: Blue Lantern Corps, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Green Lantern, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Orange Lantern, Red Lanterns, Sinestro Corps | Yellow Lantern Corps, Violet Lantern - Character, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Lucas Sinclair, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers/Eleven | Jane Hopper

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Summary:

One cold night in autumn of 1984, six rings of cosmic power end up in the hands of the local teenagers. What's more, there's dark forces stirring in the town, threatening to escape and destroy everything they hold dear. In order to vanquish the threat, they'll have to come together and use their newfound powers to do it...

Easier said than done, especially when each one of them represents a wildly different emotion.

In Blackest Night

Hawkins, Indiana, 1984.

The small town of Hawkins Indiana hadn't seen too much over its long history. It was a sleepy town, a still place in the world where nothing of note ever happened.

Until, that is, the disappearance of young Will Byers shook the town to its foundations. The boy was missing for a week, a long, excruciating week where the townsfolk looked at each other with suspicious glances and gossiping tongues.

Until, out of nowhere, he returned. The official story was that he'd simply been lost in the woods... but the truth was far stranger.

The boy had been taken, by a creature far unlike anything else on the Earth. He'd spent a week, stuck in a hellish alternate world, running, hiding, trying to survive every way he could, while constantly trembling in fear.

He was back now... but the fear was still there.

Fear of the unknown, of what would happen to him, of what would become of his family once he was gone, his friends...

And one night, even after he returned, the fear became a bit much. He had to get over it, he knew he did, otherwise... he'd spend his life paralyzed every time the sun went down, every time a dog growled, every time he saw snow fall...

He had to conquer his fear.

So, one night, he got up from his bed once he was sure the others were out, and went to the front door. Lingered there, Will felt his skin tighten, his heart thundering in his chest and ears, and his body quaking as he stood in place.

His hand slowly reached out, and he turned the knob, not wanting to go out into the dark, but knowing that he had to if he was to overcome his fear.

The door opened, and he looked out, swallowing, instinctively holding his breath. He stood there, thinking for perhaps a moment he saw the Demogorgon, before a thunderous bang rang throughout the air, and Will looked up.

A streak of light was coming down from above, landing in the woods nearby. Will gasped, moving to check it out, before stopping. The woods... right where he was taken.

...but if he waited, someone else might make off with the meteor.

And so, Will ran to it, wanting to show it off to his friends.

When he arrived, there was a small, smoking crater in the ground. Will gingerly approached the edge, looking down, and his head tilted in confusion.

It wasn't a meteor. It looked like... a ring. A ring made out of a yellow metal. It wasn't *gold*, but something that certainly gave off a color approaching it.

Will frowned, reaching down into the hole, picking up the ring. On the top of the band, where the jewel would be, there was a flat surface, a pattern that looked like a circle with lines coming out of its sides. The strangest thing was that it seemed to be... *glowing*. A low, warm glow emanated from the flat surface, and Will looked into it, finding himself... enraptured.

Will's mouth slowly fell open as his mind was captivated by the glow. His hands began to move of their own accord, sliding the ring on his right hand. He balled his fist, staring at it, as words began to pull themselves from his mind via some strange, unknown source, and he began to vocalize them.

"In Blackest Day..." Will murmured, in a trance by the ring's blazing sigil. "In brightest night... Beware your fears made into light..."

As Will began to recite the oath of a faraway group of powers he had no knowledge or concept of, the ring began to glow a harsh, crackling yellow. The glow slowly moved up his entire body, encompassing his clothes and skin, washing over his head.

“Let those who try to stop what's right... Burn like his powers...Sinestro's might!”

The glow reached it's apex, so strong it radiated like the morning sun, and Will was at the heart of it, being enveloped in the light.

Meanwhile, across the town, in a small cabin deep in the woods, someone else was also about to have an encounter from beyond the stars.

In the living room of her and Hopper's shared cabin, El sat on the couch, looking intently at the TV as something played on it. It was a show, of two people being kissy and lovey-dovey, and El tilted her head. Too many times, had she imagined herself doing things like that with Mike, holding hands, kissing, going on dates...

Only to be stopped by the reminder of the necessity of her isolation here. She was in danger every time she went out, and if she went back to Mike, he would be in even *more* danger. So, she had to stay put.

Still... it hurt. Every time she thought about Mike, she remembered the time they spent together, and wept, desperately wanting for them to be back together again.

The lights in the cabin suddenly all went dead, the TV, the fans, everything.

El got to her feet, slowly turning around in fear, as a violet glow emanated in the cabin. El looked on, curious, as she followed the glow to its source, in her room.

There, on a little sheet of paper she had written Mike's name on, there was sitting a little metal ring, a pleasant violet color. El found it to be very pretty, and as people who saw pretty things tended to do, she picked it up, examining it.

The little violet light glowed on the flat part of the ring, what looked like a diamond or starburst pattern.

El's eyes glazed over as she felt it pulling, calling out to her. She didn't know *how* it appeared in her room, only that it had... somehow, sought her out. It was meant for her, and she was meant for it.

Placing the ring on her finger, she felt it connect to her mind, a warm, pleasant presence contained within, and she found words crossing her mind. She didn't know what it was supposed to mean, only that it felt... right.

"For Hearts long lost and full of fright..." El recited slowly. "For those alone in Blackest Night... Accept our ring and join our fight... Love conquers all with Violet's light..."

And, like Will in the woods, she too was consumed in a halo of light, a bright, violet glow.

Across town, the Wheeler household had settled in for the night, most of the inhabitants having long gone to sleep. Except, however, for one.

Mike lay in his bed, holding his eyes closed, yet still entirely awake. Three-hundred fifty days of calling out, trying to make contact with El, holding out hope that she was still out there, somewhere, waiting for her chance to come back.

There were many times... many, many times, where Mike considered stopping... but he never really *lost* hope, only wondered if the radio was the best choice to call out to her if she was still there.

But, he held out. He knew she was out there.

A low, electrical buzzing caught Mike's attention, and his eyes opened. There, floating in mid-air, was a blue ring.

Mike gasped, scrambling back as it hovered, and he stopped.

It was just... *floating* there. What was it?

Mike gasped again as he considered that this was from El. He plucked

the ring out of the air, running to the window, looking around for El.

She wasn't there, but the ring still sat heavy in his hand.

She held it above his head... she *knew* he would see it. It was a present. For what, though? Anniversary of them meeting? Or simply a 'I'm still here?'

Regardless, Mike did not hesitate, and swiftly put it on.

Almost immediately, Mike felt a tiny prick, and an electric tingle as it settled on his hand. He looked down at the symbol stamped in the metal, a circle with two spokes coming out of the top and the bottom, with what appeared to be handlebars on the sides.

His eyes widened as he felt it *speaking* to him, and unconsciously, he began to mirror the words.

"In a Fearful Day, in Raging Night... With strong hearts full, our souls ignite... When all seems lost in the War of Light, look to the stars... For hope burns bright..."

Further away, near the more middling-areas of town, in a house sat on the top of the hill, a boy was locked in his room, reading through the books he'd checked out from the library with a vengeance.

Many people would say he was weird, reading through books like that, but Dustin didn't care. His thirst for knowledge was second to none, and he had to indulge it, there was simply nothing else to do about it. Sure, he had a lot of books checked out at once time, which made it troublesome to get them home, but he *did it*, and that's what mattered, and he read through all of them, so he didn't see the problem.

A little clinking caught his attention, and his head snapped over to look at his window. At first thinking it to be maybe a twig or something hitting it, Dustin ignored it, only to hear the clinking occur again, in a *pattern*.

Something wasn't clinking, something was *knocking*.

Getting up cautiously, Dustin carefully approached the window, pulling the drapes away, only to be taken aback by the thing on the other side.

A little orange metal ring hovered around in the air, clinking against the glass as it tried to get into Dustin's room.

Dustin's jaw dropped as he looked at it. What in the hell was going on?

"Letmeinletmeinletmein." An ethereal voice, like Dustin's own except way higher pitched filled his head.

"What the... fuck..." Dustin blankly muttered.

"I know you..."

Dustin stepped back. *"What?"*

"Dustin Henderson... you want it all... Knowledge... fame... glory."

Dustin's head tilted as he looked at the sigil on the ring, a circle with four spokes coming out of the sides, the top being split by a chevron.
"Excuse me?"

"I can give it to you... put me on!" The ring commanded. *"Put me on, and I can give you everything in your wildest dreams!"*

Dustin blinked. Was it really a good idea to trust the strange ring he had no idea the origin of, speaking in his mind? Probably not, but...

This could be the scientific discovery of a lifetime. It could be *his*.

And so, Dustin reached out, opening his window, allowing the ring in.

The orange ring immediately placed itself on his hand, yanking his mind in the direction it wanted.

"What's mine is mine and mine and mine..." The two recited as one, ***"And mine, and mine, and mine. Not yours!"***

In a small, too-cramped house on Cherry lane, one of the new arrivals to the town, Max Mayfield, sat on her bed, trying and failing to push the sounds of fighting out of her mind. Not her mother and stepfather, thank god, but her stepfather and stepbrother.

Dammit, she hated them. Hated them both. Hated Billy for forcing them to move to this shithole town in the first place, Neil for being just a cunt in general. Hated them, hated this town, hated everything at the moment.

Max, for not the first time, prayed for *something* to happen that'd just leave her and her mother, alone.

Her prayers were answered when the roof split open with a thunderous bang, a red object shooting down.

Max's hand shot out of its own accord, and she froze in terror as the crimson red ring slid itself onto her finger.

Immediately, Max began to feel the worst agony she'd ever had in her life. Her blood literally began to boil, her skin taking on a red hue as the blood vessels inside her own body expanded and burst.

Yet, she still remained standing. And totally conscious.

The pain, the rage... it all became too much, and she found herself giving in to the little voice inside the ring.

"With blood and rage of crimson red," Max recited, as the others in the house came to check on the cause of the mighty crash, only to see Max, glowing blood red as she stared down at the ring. "Ripped from a corpse so freshly dead... Together with our hellish hate... We'll burn you all... That is your fate."

Thus, brings us to our final player...

Lucas had seen many things. Monsters from another dimension, the government conspiring to keep its citizens in the dark, a girl with

actual superpowers...

And he'd weathered the storm well. Soldiered on through it with sheer determination and focus.

Which made him the perfect fit.

He, like the others, hadn't been doing anything out of the ordinary when it came to him. Washing up and getting ready for bed, and that's when he saw it.

A green ring, hovering in the middle of his room, glowing like a beacon. Instinctively, Lucas was about to alert his parents, only to stop.

"You have great willpower within you..." A voice called out to Lucas, and he slowly approached the ring, reaching out for it.

Running it around in his hands, Lucas examined it. It looked outwardly like an ordinary ring, like a piece of toy jewelry or something somebody would put on a costume. On the flat surface, there was an emblem stamped in, glowing green. What appeared to be a heavily stylized lantern, in fact.

"Recite the Oath, Lucas Sinclair..." The ring's intelligence willed.

Oath? Lucas didn't know any oath.

"Repeat after me..." The ring instructed as Lucas put it on.

"In brightest day... In blackest night..." Lucas spoke, the ring pulsing with his words. "No evil shall escape my sight. Let those who worship evil's might, beware my power--Green Lantern's light!"

"Welcome... to the Green Lantern Corps."